JULY 1922

Little Folks

20c. a copy

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE

$2.0 a ye

S. E. CASSINO CO., SALEM, MA

Get a WATCH or a WALKING DOLL

By Organizing a WATCH and DOLL CLUB

Every boy or girl who organizes a Watch and Doll Club will get cost-free, either a boy's watch or a walking, crying, sleeping doll, with real hair; and every member of a Watch and Doll Club can get one, too, simply by organizing another Watch and Doll Club.

READ HOW EASY IT IS

To organize a club it is necessary only to get two people who do not now take LITTLE FOLKS to sign the certificate below and to pay $2 each for a year's subscription to the magazine. Then they too, will receive a watch or doll if they get two other new friends to join the club.

As soon as you send the names of your two club members, with $4, we will send you the watch or the doll, as you prefer, and send them each a certificate of membership good for a watch or a doll, when filled out and sent to us with $4 to pay for the two new subscriptions of their friends.

BOYS, think of having a watch that looks like gold, and wears for years. The case is engraved, and the watch has an American movement which alone assures you that it will keep good time.

GIRLS, this dolly is a real dear. She cries, she walks along at your side, and she can close one or both eyes, as they are not fastened together in the ordinary fashion. Her pretty dress and bonnet and her real hair and lovely face endear her to every girl who sees her.

USE THIS CERTIFICATE TODAY

WATCH AND DOLL CLUB CERTIFICATE

(This Certificate may be copied if desired.)

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT _____
(Name)

_____
(Full Address)

is entitled to a _____
(Write "Watch" or "Doll" here)

having organized a LITTLE FOLKS Watch and Doll Club of two members whose names and addresses appear below. $2 for each of these new subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS are enclosed.

CLUB MEMBER No. 1	CLUB MEMBER No. 2
Name _____	Name _____
St. and No. _____	St. and No. _____
Town and State _____	Town and State _____

It is understood that each of these members shall have their choice of a Watch or a Doll as described above as soon as they organize a LITTLE FOLKS WATCH and DOLL CLUB of two new members each.

Send this Certificate to **LITTLE FOLKS WATCH AND DOLL CLUB, LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, SALEM, MASS.**

LITTLE FOLKS

NEXT MONTH

Digger — **Mary E. Jackson**

A dog and two boys. For digging holes in the garden, the dog was punished, but he didn't remember the punishment. He kept right on digging, and the boys and their parents, too, were thankful that he did.

The Road to Fairyland — **Ray Tyler Nourse**

"It was one of those lazy, smelly days when Bobby left off digging dandelions and followed the red butterfly." And where the butterfly led Bobby and what he saw will interest all big and little folks who like to play outdoors.

The Little Princess of Honeypot Hill — **Constance V. Frazier**

Chapter Ten tells about another surprise for the little princess, and of how Dorothy thought of a beautiful plan to be put into action when the little princess was getting well.

Trixie and the Flower Children — **Margaret Johnson**

The August story for Little Lookers-at-Pictures is about Patty Pink and what makes her smell so sweet — all about a party for the flower children.

Mario Wants to be a Sailor

The second chapter of a story about a little Italian boy, who wanted so much to be an Admiral that he planned to run away from his beloved parents and live with hundreds of little orphan boys on a school ship. Mario planned very cleverly and got himself aboard the school ship. That was not all!

Finny-Foot, the Water Puppy — **Allen Chaffee**

The little seal becomes the pet and playfellow of a little boy. He learns many clever tricks and his little master refuses to sell him to an owner of trained seals, but tries to return him to his mother seal.

The Something to Do Department

The Paper Doll by M. C. Forbes will be the pretty Mother of Barbara Dean; a puzzle page by Clarence Biers will amuse grown-ups as well as little folks; conundrums, too, interest everybody; letters from children all over the world, who read Little Folks; a toy to make of paper; a new page for the colored picture book, which all the children who take Little Folks can make for themselves.

Contents for July, 1922

Oh, Come with Me, Little Children	Margherita O. Osborne	387
Frontispiece, "Sh! Don't Stir!"	Florence W. Williams	388
Finny-Foot, the Water Puppy	Allen Chaffee	389
The Little Star	Annette Wynne	393
Mario Wants to Be a Sailor	Eleanor Brodnax	394
A Catland Law	Cecil Leyven	399
Trixie and the Flower Children, VIII	Margaret Johnson	400
The Flower Fay	Irma Neil Gaskill	402
The Little Princess of Honeypot Hill, IX	Constance V. Frazier	403
Musical Feet	Frances McK. Morton	409
The Fire-Fly that Scattered Sparks	Ruth Campbell	410
The Dog-Tooth Violet	Mae N. Norris	415
The Mermaid's Mother	Annette Wynne	416
When I'm a Mother	Mrs. Walter B. Stark	416
The Crooked Stick Post-Office	Elizabeth Ferris	417
Paper Doll, Donald Dean	Margherita C. Forbes	421
Something from Far Away		422
LITTLE FOLKS Picture Book	Hazel Frazee	423
The Magic Bookcase	Constance V. Frazier	424
The Quizzies	Clarence Biers	425
How to Make a Dolly's Lampshade	Olivette Noble	426
Outdoors with Grandfather	M. O. Osborne	428
Something to Find in the Sky	M. O. Osborne	432

Entered as second class matter at P. O., Salem, Mass.

Copyright, 1922, by S. E. Cassino Co.

Margherita O. Osborne, Editor — Constance V. Frazier, Assistant Editor

$2.00 a year. 20c. a copy — Issued Monthly — Canadian and Foreign Postage 15c. Extra

Renew subscriptions direct to publisher and avoid errors

When a subscription to LITTLE FOLKS is a gift, always give the name and address of the donor, as well as the name of the subscriber, to receive the magazine. Gift cards are sent.

When address changes, send immediate notice, giving both new and old addresses.

CAPSHEAF

The Modern

SAFETY PIN

TRAINED Nurses and Surgeons endorse the CAPSHEAF, because it is the ONLY coilless Saftey Pin. Cannot catch in the fabric. Never pulls out. Stiff, strong, rustproof—made in black or nickel finish, sizes 0, 1, 2, 2 1-2 and 3.

JUDSON PIN COMPANY

Manufacturers — Rochester, N. Y.

Send 10c for Card of size No. 2 1-2 or size No. 3 to

The C. E. CONOVER CO.

101 Franklin St. - - - New York City

Established 1858

Sawyer's Crystal BLUE AND AMMONIA

The Ammonia loosens the dirt, making washing easy. The Blue gives the only perfect finish.

The People's Choice for Over Sixty Years

For the Laundry

SAWYER CRYSTAL BLUE CO.

88 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

Oh, Come with me, Little Children!

Oh, come with me, Little Children!
  And quickly we shall find
Pictures and verses and stories
  Of the very happiest kind.

Of boys and girls in countries
  Away beyond the sea,
And fairies and elves and creatures
  Quite strange to you and me.

For I've the magic key, dears,
  That opens a wonderful gate
Into the Land of Listening,
  Where all these joys await.

For I am your Play Lady---
  I dearly love to play
And sing and tell you stories
  And laugh with you, all day.

Margherita O. Osborne

SH! DON'T STIR!

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXV. JULY, 1922 No. 9

GULLS WATCHED FOR FISH THAT THEY MIGHT GRAB

FINNY-FOOT, THE WATER PUPPY

By Allen Chaffee

Illustrations by Peter Da Ru

CHAPTER I.

FINNY-FOOT first opened his round, wondering eyes on a world of sun-kissed waves, deep blue beneath a deep blue sky.

The waves slapped in white foam against the rocks, and the sky foamed with white wind clouds. The rocks were slippery with seaweed, and shone as sleek as the wet brown fur of the seals. Finny-Foot's woolly white coat, which is what Harbor Seal babies always wear their first spring, made him look like just another of the fat white balls of foam that

Copyright, 1922, by S. E. Cassino Co. Entered at Salem, Mass., post-office as second-class matter

the April wind tossed up and down the yellow sand of the beach. But the gray gulls flying overhead knew, and called to one another to see the new water puppy.

His parents, and the aunts and uncles and grandfather of the little colony, wore gray, like the ocean on a dull day, with spots of darker gray; but the new young cousins were all white like Finny-Foot.

In the beginning, while Mother Nature was still trying first one kind of animal, and then another, to see which made the best pattern, these water puppies had lived on land, and had outside ears like any other dog, and four short legs on which to carry their fat, furry bodies. Then their great-great-ever-so-great-grandparents had decided to live on the rocks of the harbors, up and down the seashore, where it would be easier to catch the fish on which they lived. Of course, then, Mother Nature changed their legs to "flippers," or fin-feet, so that it would be easier for them to swim. That is why seals look so much like fish, with their fore flippers for fins and their hind flippers held close together like a tail.

They bark like dogs, though, and those finny-looking fore-feet help them to crawl about on land, as well as to swim. Of course, now that they have become water animals, their ears are all covered over with fur, so that you might think they didn't have any ears at all. But they can hear a fish swim by, for all that.

At first, Finny-Foot cried when he was hungry, in a voice almost like that of a human baby, and was nursed like any other puppy. Then he learned to eat the tender young sea salmon that his mother caught for him, and the clams and scallops that she found and shelled for him. It was a pleasant life. He had nothing to do but tumble about with the other seal babies, or lie watching the gulls that circled back and forth with the big, salt-smelling waves, singing in their hoarse voices that sounded so like rusty hinges, and watching for fish they might grab.

One day, too, the whole sky seemed covered with a mammoth flock of ducks, Surf Scoters, who were going to Alaska for the

summer, where they would not find it so crowded when their young were hatched. For hours the V-shaped flocks swept northward in a gray-black cloud, while the air rang with their musical whistle. Finny-Foot stared, his puppy-like eyes round with wonder, but at last they all disappeared into the blue distance. There must have been hundreds and thousands and millions of them. How he wished he, too, might travel and see the world beyond those rocks! He little dreamed how soon his wish was to come true, nor in what an amazing fashion.

His mother kept his oily fur sleek and shining, so that he could slide through the water easily, and he had no trouble at all about learning to swim. Soon he could catch a tiny fish in his jaws, if he swam after it fast enough, and his fur turned gray in leopard-like spots. One day, though, these happy, quiet times came to a sudden end. At first, the only thing he noticed was a row of half a dozen long black fins cutting through the waves, far out at sea. Swiftly the black fins came nearer, then an up-toss of their heads showed to the gulls circling overhead a row of mammoth jaws, armed with the most murderous-looking teeth. It was a band of Killer Whales, and at the sight, every seal on the rocks started

FINNY-FOOT'S MOTHER TUCKED HIM INTO A CREVICE

"FATHER, SEE WHAT I'VE CAUGHT! MAY I HAVE HIM?"

swimming for shore as fast as he could go. Finny-Foot's mother towed him with her when his strength gave out, and so great was her fright that she never stopped till she had him far up on the sandy beach, where the whales could not follow. Those of their colony who were not swift enough got caught, and were devoured by the fish-shaped monsters who were not fish, and whose ugly black sides bore white patches that glistened in the sun. Each one had a fin on the middle of his back that stuck straight up, so that you could see it a long way off. These fins it was that had given warning.

All afternoon they waited on the beach. Then at last the row of black fins headed out to sea, and it was deemed safe by Grandfather Seal to return to the rocks and fish for supper, and to hear them barking under the moon that night, watching the white foam blowing down the beach in the wind, no one would have guessed the bloody fate that they had so narrowly escaped.

But the Killer Whales came back, next day, and this time took them so nearly by surprise that there was not time to swim to shore, and those who could not scramble to the highest

point of the highest rock were swallowed whole. How they huddled together upon that high rock, while the Killers swam around and around them watching to see if one of them would not fall off into the water where they could reach him!

No use for his father, and the other fathers, even to put up a fight against the Killers. They wouldn't have had a chance in the world. But once more the Whales swam back to sea, and this time they did not return; for they, too, were on their way to Alaska, where they hoped to catch the fur seals as they migrated southward.

One day that summer, when Finny-Foot's mother and her neighbors felt quite sure there were no Killers about (Grandfather had been watching the sea all day with his big, round eyes), they decided to have a picnic, and explore some rocks further out in Monterey Harbor, where the painted boats of the fishermen pass.

It proved to be a wonderful fishing ground. Finny-Foot, forgetting his mother's command to stay close by her side, swam to the painted fishing boats, his round eyes bulging with wonder at the way they pulled up their netfuls of fish. Then he saw a big salmon that he wanted to catch.

The fish made a sudden dive, and Finny-Foot, taking a deep breath, dove after him. The next thing he knew, he was all tangled up in something. Then he was lifted straight into the air in the midst of a netful of wriggling, flapping fish.

"Father!" cried a black-eyed little boy. "See what we've caught! Oo! May I have him?"

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE STAR

The little star is very bright
All in the deepest, darkest night;
So friends should be just like a star—
The brightest when all joy is far.

Annette Wynne.

MARIO WANTS TO BE A SALIOR

By Eleanor Brodnax

MARIO was only eight. He lived in Rome, which is inland, but ever since he could remember he had wanted to become an admiral like his grandfather. His mother laughed at him and his father, too. But his grandfather the "Admiraglio," didn't.

And then the whole family went to Venice to visit Aunt Camilla—Mario, his mother and the governess, Mlle. Fleurot, and his sister, Maria, and the baby, Peppino. They went from the station to their aunt's house on the Grand Canal in a black gondola with a high curved prow. When they reached the house, they went right into the hall, still in the gondola. And then they alighted at the foot of a stairway that led to the floor above.

Mario never got over the thrill of entering his aunt's house.

The days that followed were wonderful, too. Sometimes in the morning he went with his Uncle Bernado in his uncle's motor boat. That was great fun. And every afternoon Mlle. Fleurot took him and his sister and Peppino for walks on the banks of the canals and along the waterfront where great ships lay at anchor. Mario loved the strong sweet smell of the sea and his breath came fast at sight of the towering tall-rigged ships and the officers brave in gold and blue uniforms.

During these walks, Mlle. Fleurot told stirring tales of the history of Venice. How it was founded in 811, which was years and years before the discovery of America by their countryman, Christopher Columbus; and how her kingdom—when America was finally discovered—reached as far as

Constantinople, that magic city of the East, and her port had become the greatest in southern Europe.

Mario's heart swelled as he looked out across the smiling lagoons. He wished that he had lived in those days and been, like an ancestor of his mother's, one of the ten ruling "doges" or dukes of Venice. The tales of Venice's past greatness, of the ships that crowded her harbors, bearing their wealth of other lands, only made him the more determined to follow the sea as a calling. Like his grandfather, the "Admiraglio," he would see far-away lands and view harbors crowded with foreign ships.

And then one day walking along the Giudecca they came upon the "School Ship." The name "SCILLA" was painted on her hull and swarming over the deck and jumping into the water were what seemed to Mario, hundreds of boys in bathing costumes. The water about the ship was alive with them and some of the hardier ones were away out at sea, their heads bobbing on the waves like dancing corks. Then a man in uniform near the ship's rail blew a whistle and all the boys left the water and scrambled up the sides of the "SCILLA" to line up on deck. A second whistle brought those far out swimming hastily in.

Mario watched. What ship was this filled with boys—boys like himself and some of them even younger? Lined up on deck, the man in uniform was examining their ranks, for each, it seemed, bore a number on his bathing costume.

"Signorina—Mademoiselle," begged Mario of the governess, "What ship is this?"

Mlle. Fleurot questioned an old man standing near. The old man smiled and shook his head at Mario.

"That's a school ship, little one," he said. "It's the old "Scilla." "Twice around the world she's been." He sighed and wagged his head at the great hull of the "Scilla." "And now a school ship."

"But the boys?" Mario questioned eagerly.

"Aye, a school ship. They're learning to be sailors—some of them officers of the Mercantile Marine."

So Mario learned of the school ship. But poor Mario! His Uncle Bernado told him that only poor boys were allowed to become members of the crew of the "Scilla." Some of them were war orphans, boys whose fathers had been killed in the war. The children of America were sending to the school ship, nearly thirty of these last, paying for their lodging, their meals and clothes and training in seamanship.

"WHAT SHIP IS THIS?" ASKED MARIO.

Mario swallowed the tears that would come, in spite of his determination to be every inch a man and some day an admiral. Of course, he was glad that he wasn't an orphan, if that was what it meant —to be without a father or a mother, or perhaps both. But—well, he couldn't help envying the boys on the school ship. Every day he urged Mlle. Fleurot to take them along the Giudecca so they could see the happy crew of the "Scilla."

Some of the boys would be climbing up into the masts or riding off in a motor boat which they ran themselves, or diving off the top deck during the swimming hour. Then one day they saw a ragged little fellow that they had noticed for some time hanging shyly about the "Scilla," taken aboard by the man in uniform. A woman standing near

told them the little fellow's story. No one knew where he had come from but he had been about for days, sleeping at night in some cold doorway. The attention of the ship's officer had been called to him and now perhaps he would be allowed to stay on board and become a member of the "Scilla" crew, provided his parents couldn't be found.

Mario listened to the story with round eyes. What a lucky fellow that was! He wouldn't have hung back like that for so many days. He would have gone boldly up and asked to be allowed to join the school ship—if *he* were an orphan.

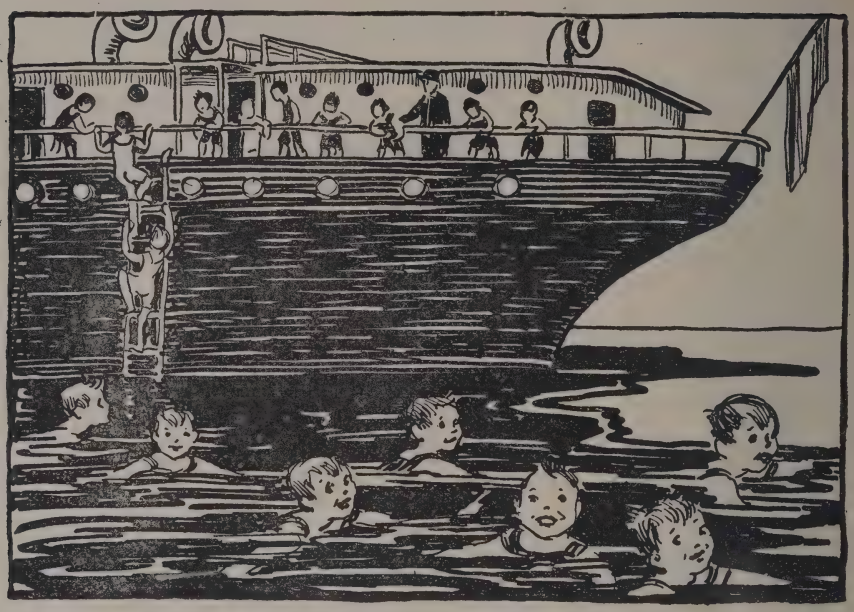
Then a horrible temptation came to Mario. It was so terrible that at first he thrust it back, way into the darkest corner of his mind. But it persisted in creeping out and tempting him.

And then, one Sunday, when he saw the "Scilla's" crew in smart blue and white sailor uniforms march through St. Mark's Square and into the Cathedral, while the people all looked after them admiringly, Mario struggled with his temptation no longer. He felt sorry for his father and mother, and for Maria and Peppino—they would have no big brother to protect them—but he *must* become a pupil on the school ship. He remembered how his grandfather, the admiral, just the winter before in Rome had slapped his back and called him his own grandson, when he had told him that he intended to be an admiral some day, like his grandfather.

"THAT'S A SCHOOL SHIP," HE SAID.

"That's right," his grandfather had said. "Don't let anyone discourage you. You'll be a seaman your father and mother will be proud of."

And then, the other evening when his father came down from Rome to be with them, and he had begged to be allowed to



THE WATER WAS ALIVE WITH BOYS.

become a sailor, his father had laughed at him and told him that he had already decided to make him a doctor.

It was hard to leave home, without his parents' consent, but later they would be proud of him, as his grandfather had said they would. He laid his plans carefully. First he would have to escape from Mlle. Fleurot and Maria and Peppino on one of their walks. That would be easy near the shops at Piazza San Marco. They never paid any attention to him *there*. And then he would have to find some very poor little boy and exchange clothes with him. And then along near dusk he would present himself at the school ship and ask to be taken aboard to become a sailor. Of course, if they asked if he had a father or mother, it would be difficult. But he would just point off vaguely and say that he didn't know where they were. And he wouldn't—for, of course, they would be searching for him.

And they would take him aboard, and he would be dressed like the others, and who would be able to find him? And then, later, when he had become a sailor—in perhaps a year or two—

he would go to Rome and present himself and ask their pardon. And they would be so delighted to see him, and so proud of him in his sailor's uniform—

Just here Mario's eyes would fill, tears of pride and grief, too, at thought of the long parting that would be necessary in order to become a sailor.

That night Mario clung to his mother tightly as she kissed him good-night and tucked him in. "If I really were an admiral, you and papa would be proud of me, wouldn't you?" he asked. His mother laughed and held him close. "Birichino!" (Naughty-little-one) she whispered lovingly.

But Mario knew from her tone that she would be.

(To be continued)

A CATLAND LAW

By Cecil Leyven

Pussy caught a Mouse for dinner;
But the Mouse was wise and old;
"Wait a bit!" spake he unto her.
"Have you never yet been told
That there is a law in Mouseland
That pronounces it disgrace
To begin to eat your dinner
Ere you go and wash your face?"

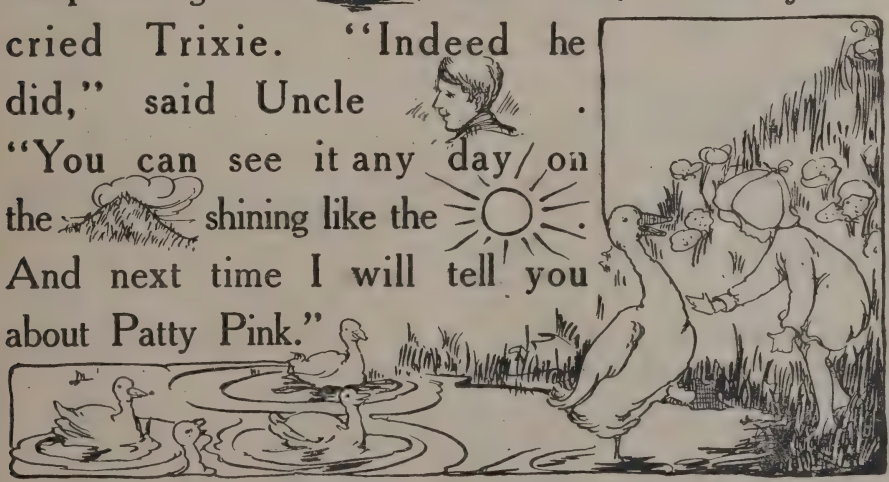
Pussy felt ashamed. "A Cat should
Do as well's a Mousie can!"
Loosed her claws — and in a jiffy
Off the wise Mouse lightly ran!
Very vexed the Pussy scolded;
"Mouseland laws would work disgrace!
This shall be the law in Catland —
'After eating wash your face.'"

Trixie and the Flower-Children

VIII.

LITTLE Billy Buttercup," said Uncle Joe, "lived on the -top above Dick Dandelion's meadow. He could look right over the into the garden by the big but he was so happy with his - brothers and sisters, he never even thought of creeping through the . 'Wake up, children,' cried Mrs. one bright morning. 'The is shining, the are singing and Daddy has brought you each a beautiful gold to eat your breakfast in.' Then Billy clapped his and hurried to put on his little yellow and Mrs. Buttercup got and and and and all the children put on their and took their little gold and sat on the hilltop to eat their breakfast. But little Teddy Gnat was there, playing with his new . Teddy was a mischievous little and loved to tease, and when he saw eating a big of bread and milk out of his gold , he crept up on his and blew his right in Billy's . Then Billy jumped, dropped his and away went his rolling, rolling down

the , and away went Billy and all the children after it, but it rolled and it rolled till it went splash, into the pond at the bottom of the . 'Oh, my , my beautiful !' cried Billy. But just then old Mrs. and all the little came swimming around the corner. 'Gobble, gobble, what's all the fuss about?' said Mrs. . 'My is gone,' said Billy, and Mrs. curved her long and put her yellow in the water and splash, she dived to the bottom of the pond and brought up the all safe. And Mrs. polished it till it shone like the and hurried and got more and and Billy laughed and laughed and sat down on the to finish his breakfast." "And did he always keep his gold after that, Uncle Joe?" cried Trixie. "Indeed he did," said Uncle . "You can see it any day on the shining like the . And next time I will tell you about Patty Pink."



THE FLOWER FAY

By Irma Neil Gaskill

Every morning the Flower Fay
Opens the blossoms at break of day.
She washes their faces wet with dew,
Brushing the petals from sleep askew.

Noontimes, when the sun is high,
And heat-struck flowers would surely die,
She fans them with her yellow sleeves,
Bidding them hide behind their leaves.

Flowers that children pick in play,
Only to heartlessly throw away,
While mothers croon their babes to rest,
Weeping, she cuddles against her breast.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS OF HONEYPOT HILL

By Constance V. Frazier

CHAPTER IX.—A MYSTERY IN THE MAIL-BOX.

"WHAT do you suppose he's found?" wondered Dorothy, as Gene, still waving and shouting, came running up the driveway. As he raced up the steps, they could all see that the something in his hand was a long, blue envelope.

"It looks like a letter from Doctor Dandy," said Dorothy. "That's the kind of envelopes his bills come in; but then, he wouldn't be writing any of us a letter."

"Wouldn't he, though!" panted Gene, who had arrived just in time to hear. "Then you just take a look at that, missy!" And he held out the envelope so that all of them could see Doctor Dandy's name in the corner.

GENE CAME RUNNING UP THE DRIVEWAY

"What's in it, Gene?" asked Dorothy. "Have you opened it?"

"Yes," said Gene. "It's addressed to all us Honey-gatherers."

"Then tell us about it, Gene," begged Dorothy.

But Gene dropped the letter into Aunt Olivia's lap. "I think Aunt Olivia ought to see it next," he said.

Aunt Olivia opened the envelope and pulled out a folded slip of paper. At the same time, a little white card fluttered to the floor, and Dorothy pounced upon that and read it aloud:

"For the children who are trying to help the little sick girl."

And that is every word it said.

"That's not Doctor Dandy's writing," said Dorothy.

THERE WAS NEWS FOR THE PRINCESS

"But it's Doctor Dandy's present, just the same," said Gene.

"Present?" echoed Dorothy, turning to Aunt Olivia. "Oh, Aunt Olivia, what has he sent us?"

Aunt Olivia handed the slip of paper to her eager little niece. Dorothy's eyes danced with delight. "See, Raoul," she cried. "Doctor Dandy has sent us five dollars for our fund to help the princess!"

"Five dollars!" exploded Gene. "Can't you read, Dot?" You'd better look again!"

So Dorothy took a second look, and sat down suddenly,

right on the porch floor. The check was for five *hundred* dollars. Wouldn't you have felt weak and wobbly, too, at a surprise like that?

"I just can't believe it," she kept saying over and over. "Why, boys, Doctor Dandy isn't a bit rich, and that's a lot of money. Do you think we ought to take it, Aunt Olivia?"

But Aunt Olivia was not there. She had slipped away into the house.

"It is much money," said Raoul. "So many American dollars make so many more French francs and centimes. This good friend, *le médecin*—he knows, perhaps, how long it would take that the Honeygatherers should earn so much money, and he gives it to us to do the good at once for the little sick princess, so we will not need to wait."

"Probably that's it," agreed Gene. "Why couldn't we use it right away for the princess? We could pay it back—though it will take a pretty long time to earn so much. Then, if Doctor Dandy really couldn't afford to *give* us so much, why he'll get his money back, and we'll have the use of it, too."

"I think that's a fine idea," said Dorothy. "Don't you, Raoul? I think Gene was awfully smart to think of that. And I just wish I had that beautiful, wonderful, elegant, glorious Doctor Dandy here this minute. I'd hug him most to death!"

"If that isn't just like a girl!" sniffed Gene, although he was as pleased as could be at Dorothy's compliment, even if he didn't want anybody to think so. "Just like a girl, that is, to go kissing people. I'll bet he wouldn't like it, Dot. Now I'd shake hands with him, and tell him we thanked him very much, and that we would pay him back as soon as ever we could, and that we were so pleased . . ."

"Pleased with what?" boomed a jolly voice behind them, and when they turned around, there stood Father—and Doctor Dandy!

The three children flew to Doctor Dandy's side. Gene seized his right hand, and Raoul grasped the left, while Dorothy did exactly as she had threatened, and flung both

arms tightly around his neck. After all, since Gene's throat felt so choky that he couldn't say a thing, and Raoul tried to say so many things that his French words got all tangled up with his English ones, perhaps it was quite as well that Dorothy did hug the good doctor, and even added a kiss that landed between his eyes, because he moved his head at the wrong time.

As soon as Doctor Dandy could get his breath, and Father could make himself heard, they both began to talk.

"What's it all about?" Doctor Dandy wanted to know, and Father, pretending to be greatly displeased and dismayed, remarked:

"Well, well! What's the meaning of this. Don't I get any sort of welcome, not even from my own children? Why, I beg to know, should my son and daughter waste their affection on a neighbor, when their own father is waiting for a little attention?"

Of course, that was only pretend, and the children knew it; but after that, Father had to take his turn at being rumpled with hugs and deluged with kisses.

"We love you, of course, Father," Dorothy explained, "but we had to love him specially, because he gave us . . ."

"A check for five hundred dollars!" shouted Gene, who felt he *must* tell the good news first of all.

"It is for the curing of the little princess, monsieur," added Raoul. "But then, it is that the Americans are of such a kindness constantly. It is not surprise that he should do so. Often have I seen, in my country—and here."

"Well, upon my word, Dandy," said Father. "This is an extraordinary tale. I don't think I just understand, but—"

"Tut, tut!" said Doctor Dandy. "It's quite all right children. I suppose I shouldn't have taken just that way to give you the check, and that's why I walked over—to tell you that I'm not the hero you think. You see, except for a little of it, that money isn't mine at all—not my gift. I only wish I *could* have given it."

"Oh, then, we—" began Dorothy, but Gene pinched her—

just a tiny pinch, to remind her that she wasn't to say anything about paying it back until they had heard all of Doctor Dandy's story.

"Sh-h-h!" cautioned the Doctor, looking most mysterious. "I'll tell you a story. Yesterday, a tall, dark person came to me and asked if I would give my personal check for the money, and as this tall, dark person seemed to have good reasons for not wanting you or anyone else to know from whence the money came, and since this tall dark person left perfectly good bills with me for the correct amount, and they weren't counterfeit bills, either, I gave my check, and added a wee bit myself to round out the sum. And the only other thing I can tell you is that the tall dark person wants you to use the money as you see fit."

"Was this tall, dark person a man or a woman?" Gene demanded.

"Do we know him, or her?" added Dorothy.

"Why do we not know our benefactor?" asked Raoul seriously. He felt that they should be told, else how could they make proper thanks, and know if the money should be paid back to the donor.

But Doctor Dandy shook his head, smilingly. "Can't tell a thing," he said, "and I'm going off with your father where you can't tease any answers out of me."

And with that he took Father's arm and walked him into the house.

"I'll bet he'll tell Father all the things he wouldn't tell us!" Gene observed.

"Much good that will do us," Dorothy pouted. "Father wouldn't tell us if Doctor Dandy didn't want him to, you know he wouldn't, Gene! And maybe he's just teasing us, anyway. Maybe there isn't any tall, dark person—*except Doctor Dandy!*"

"But now," said Raoul brightly, "we have the money to use, and if those older than we say we may use it, why should we worry about the place from which it came, or the person who sent it. We have this so generous gift, and we can make together the plans to use it, is it not so?"

"I suppose that's right," sighed Dorothy, "but I'd so like to know about this tall, dark person, wouldn't you, boys? I just feel that it *was* Doctor Dandy, pretending, so we wouldn't guess that it was truly *his* gift!"

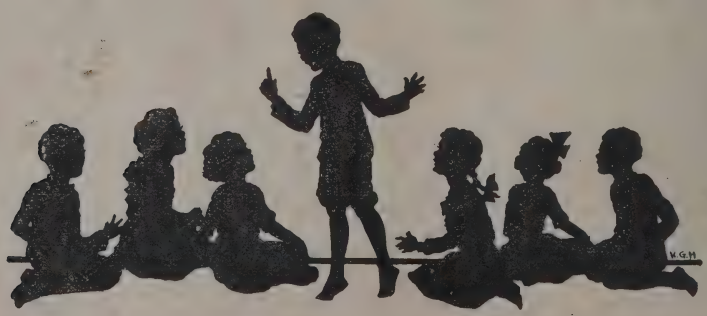
But soon all three children forgot about the donor of the gift money, and devoted all their efforts to laying plans for its use. The air fairly hummed with suggestions. In the morning, all the Honeygatherers met in conclave in the Comb, to learn that the circus had netted them sixty dollars, thanks to a large and generous attendance, and to hear all about the mysterious five-hundred-dollar-gift. After that, of course, everybody had suggestions to offer, and last of all there were the club's respects to pay to the little princess herself.

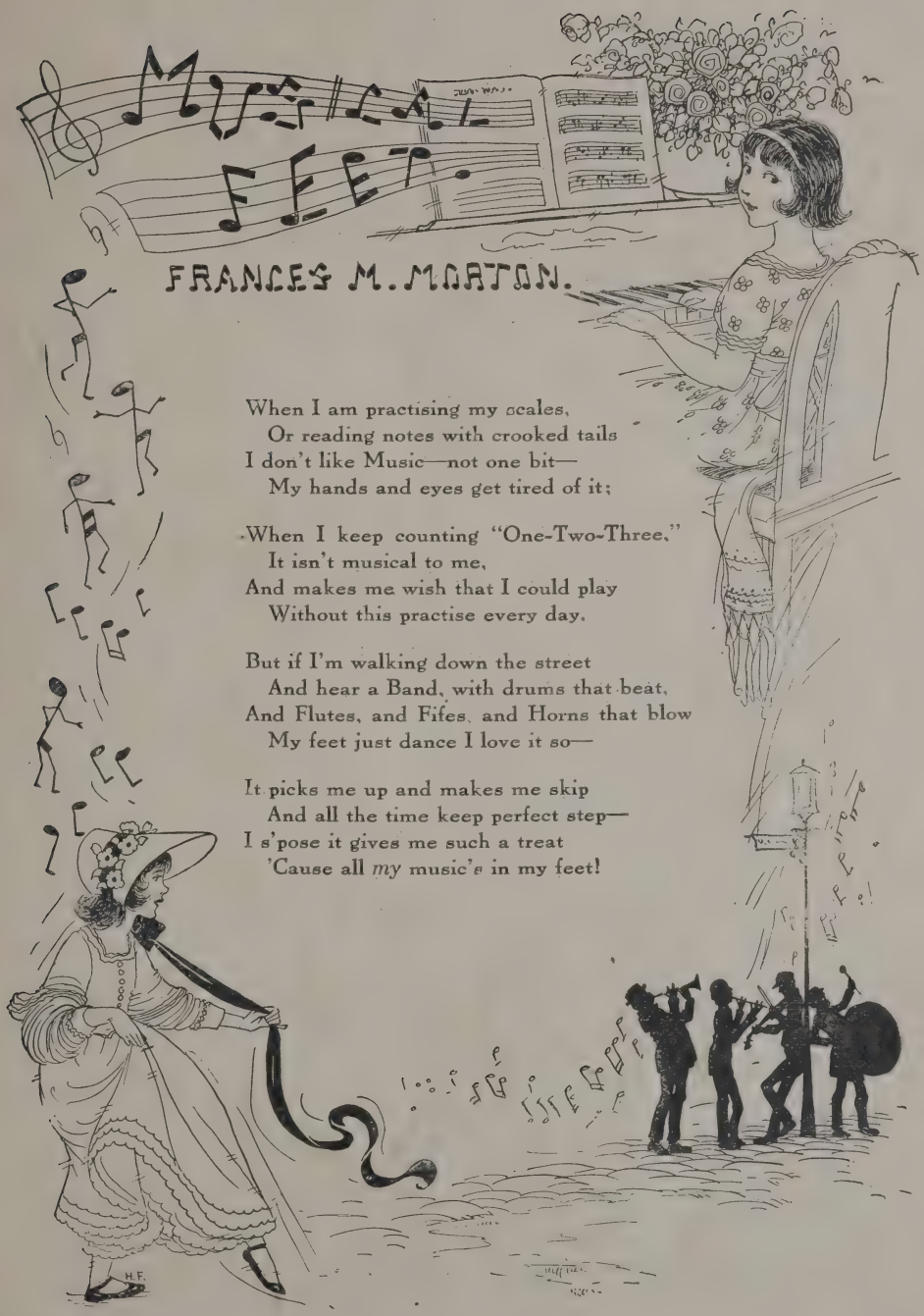
Aunt Olivia allowed them all to tiptoe in, and best of all there was the news for the princess, that she was going to the hospital in the city, and that when she came back, she would be able to run and play like any other little girl. Aunt Olivia assured her that both Doctor Dandy and Doctor Freeman had said so.

The princess cried, mostly for joy, and the Honeygatherers assured her solemnly that they would write her every day she was away, and Dorothy whispered that she thought Father was going to arrange it so that she, too, could go to the city and stay with her cousin, so that she could come to visit the little princess at the hospital every day.

"And I know something else," said Gene. "I want to see all the club outside for about five minutes, but Dorothy can't come!"

(*To be continued.*)





When I am practising my scales,
  Or reading notes with crooked tails
I don't like Music—not one bit—
  My hands and eyes get tired of it;

When I keep counting "One-Two-Three,"
  It isn't musical to me,
And makes me wish that I could play
  Without this practise every day.

But if I'm walking down the street
  And hear a Band, with drums that beat,
And Flutes, and Fifes, and Horns that blow
  My feet just dance I love it so—

It picks me up and makes me skip
  And all the time keep perfect step—
I s'pose it gives me such a treat
  'Cause all *my* music's in my feet!

THE FIRE-FLY THAT SCATTERED SPARKS

By Ruth Campbell

EACH HAD HIS OWN LITTLE LIGHT

DREADFUL as it may seem, the Little-Boy-with-the-Eton-Collar had been playing with matches. He struck them on the end of the davenport and threw them in the corner, behind the table, when they had burned out. Silly Little Boy! He never stopped to think that cindery looking matches may not be harmless, or that dead matches are often very live matches, but he busied himself striking one after the other, and drawing in his breath in naughty excitement, when the blaze flared up.

There his Mother found him, the bad Little-Boy-with-the-Eton-Collar, and she took him on her lap and talked with him. He was ashamed and frightened when he realized what terrible things could have happened from playing with fire, and with a solemn little face and a serious little voice he promised never to do it again. He always kept his promises, so his Mother stopped scolding him after that, and they sat silent for a time. Finally, the Little Boy spoke.

"Can big fires come from even the smallest sparks?" he asked.

"From the very smallest," answered his Mother. "Why, I know about a tiny fly and a great fire he made, and because you are going to be a good boy after this, I'll tell you a story of THE FIRE-FLY THAT SCATTERED SPARKS.

"In the heart of a misty swamp, there lived a brilliant family of Fire-flies. Cousins they were, and Aunts and Uncles, with many Mothers and Fathers, as is often the case in so large a

gathering. And, of course, there were Brothers and Sisters, who got on amiably about the bedclothes at night, and who played games good-naturedly during the day.

THEY WENT TO SCHOOL MORNINGS

Their games were different from the games little Boys and Girls play, because they had wings growing out of their backs, and feelers growing out of their faces, also they wore extra legs, which were always interesting. Little Boys play auto and horse, and little Girls play, "Bean Porridge Hot," and such, but the Fire-flies could play all of these and more. They could play airplane or threshing-machine, and they could play in the dark as well as by day, because each had his own little light to show him the way. Anyway, they were darkish in color, and did not show the black and blue spots, if they did get bumped.

They went to school mornings, to learn manners. They had picnics afternoons, to learn how to catch food, and there were parties at night, to show them how to make their flames bright and strong, and their lives bright and cheerful.

"The youngsters are doing splendidly," boasted one of the older Flies.

The others were pleased, and clapped their feelers together. But an old schoolmaster flew to the front.

"I have bad news," he said. "A dreadful thing has happened! One of the younger Fire-flies has learned to scatter sparks!"

SPARKS TRAILED BEHIND AS HE FLEW

A gasp of dismay greeted this, and the more emotional Fire-flies burst into tears. You will see from this that the offense was a serious one. But, it was true; a certain handsome little chap had developed that dreadful habit. He found that by

fanning his flame with his wings, he could make sparks, and as he flew through the air, they trailed out behind him like the tail of a comet, or the track of a shooting star, and Small Persons who were out late at night, for one reason and another, would exclaim over the sight. It was a bad habit, and one that all of the Fire-flies knew about, but the good ones never did it, as there was always a chance of setting fire to things, and being burned out of house and home.

HE WHIRLED OVER AND OVER

"We must tell him the danger," the older ones cried.

So the little Fire-fly was sent for, and put before all of the Aunts and Uncles and closer relatives, but he only laughed when they told him about a terrifying forest fire that came from scattering sparks, and when they grew very serious, he flapped his naughty wings and chuckled to himself.

That very night, as he flew slowly along, he came to a porch where many little Boys and Girls sat with many Grown-ups.

"This is a wonderful chance to show off," thought that disobedient Fire-fly, and straightway began fanning his flame with his wings to scatter sparks.

"See!" cried several Small Persons. "Isn't that marvelous?"

And the vain little Fire-fly heard, and was charmed with himself.

"I'll settle on this stick, and when I scatter sparks, many others will admire me," he said.

So he perched proudly on a stick, and fanned his flame furiously.

"I'm quite like a wonderful skyrocket," he thought.

But he was more like a skyrocket than he had any idea, for he was perched on a really truly skyrocket. It was the

night of the Fourth, and all of the people on the porch had gathered to watch the fireworks.

And you see the thing that looked like a nice safe perch to the Fire-fly was really a dangerous, hollow stick filled with gunpowder.

There were shouts of joy, and squeals of excitement from the little Boys and Girls on the porch.

"This praise is well deserved," thought the Fire-fly, and fanned harder, sending out a shower of sparks.

But suddenly, one of those sparks lit on the fuse of the sky-rocket! There was a tremendous BANG! and a roar—a swish! and a sizz! and OFF went that skyrocket!

For a minute or two, the little Fire-fly was stunned by the explosion. His head spun 'round like a top, and his legs and feet were uncomfortably hot from hanging to the burning rocket. There was a hard pain in his stomach, from the jolting, and his wings were 'most blown off.

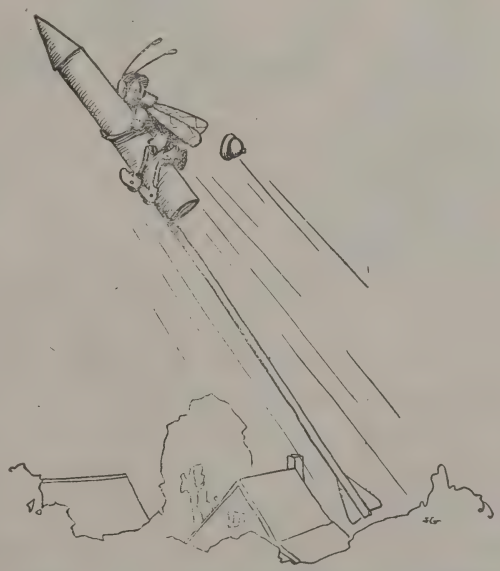
"This is frightful," he cried. "I want to go home."

But the rocket only went up faster.

"I'm dizzy!" wailed the Fire-fly. "I want my Mother." But the rocket only went up the faster.

"I'm so frightened," whimpered the Fire-fly.

Right then, the rocket shot through a wind cloud. It was too much. No legs could stand that strain, and the clutching legs of the Fire-fly slipped and off he blew. Just as he dropped, a great burst of sparks came from the rocket, and the dizzy little Fire-fly landed "Smack" on one.



"THIS IS FRIGHTFUL! I WANT TO GO HOME!"

Oh! that spark was hot! just like a live coal. The

poor little Fire-fly's legs grew cindery and crisp. His wings sizzled, and his face and body turned black with soot and smoke.

"I can't stand this. I can't!" he wailed. "I'll have to let

"CAN BIG FIRES COME FROM THE SMALLEST SPARKS?"

go and fall." He lifted a leg to cool it, but it only burned the hanging-on legs harder.

"I'm spoiled!" he wept. "I may as well be killed as cooked. Here goes!" and he let go.

There was a rush of cool air on his body. He spread his legs and tried his wings, but they would not work. He whirled over and over! He dropped faster and faster! and

just as his breath was leaving him, he landed, "Thump," in a nice green meadow.

For a time, he lay gasping, and then he turned over and began rubbing his feelers over himself. His wings were gone for good and all, burned off close to his back. His legs were stiff and brittle, and his body was a deep, shiny black. But worse than all, his flame was gone, broken off close to his body.

Poor little Fire-fly. With tears streaming from his eyes, he started to crawl home, when suddenly voices near made him scuttle under some leaves.

"Look, Mother!" someone said, "There goes a shiny, black cricket."

"And had he really turned into a cricket?" asked the Little-Boy-with-the-Eton-Collar.

"He had!" answered his Mother. "It was punishment for playing with fire. He could never fly again, and his legs were always brittle and his body always pot black."

"But why does he stay by the fire?" asked the Little Boy soberly. "He is always near the grate."

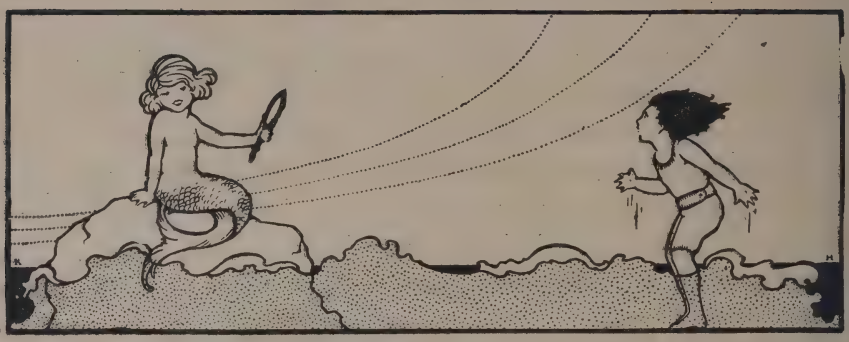
"He sings on the hearth, to tell others to keep away from the flames," said the Little Boy's Mother.

THE DOG-TOOTH VIOLET

WE'VE come into the meadow
My good dog, Sport, and I
For mother told me if I'd look
I'd dog-tooth violets spy.

But Sport and I can't find them
Altho we've looked about
The violets here have no dog's teeth
They must have had them out.

—*Mae N. Norris*



THE MERMAID'S MOTHER

By Annette Wynne

The mermaids' mother never minds
  What games the mermaids choose,
For nothing that the mermaid plays
  Is ever hard on shoes.

WHEN I'M A MOTHER

By Mrs. Walter B. Stark

Each day I try so hard to do
What my dear mother tells me to;
For she is very good to me
And I could never, never be
Like many little girls I know
Who disobey their mothers so
That often they are sent to bed
For naughty things they've done, or said.
My mother says when I am grown
And have a daughter all my own
I'll be so proud if she will be
As good a little girl as me!

MOTHER COULD SEE FOR HERSELF THAT BENNIE KNEW HOW TO USE HIS MATCHES

THE CROOKED STICK POST-OFFICE

By Elizabeth Ferris

PART II.

THERE is only one thing to do when you see a prairie fire coming. You have to start a fire of your own and burn off the grass next to you. And you have to do it in time, too, or the other fire comes sweeping up to catch you before the burnt-off ground is cool enough for you to get on it and be safe.

Bennie was down on the ground and feeling for his matches almost before Old Bob could stop.

"Climb over into the saddle and hold him fast," he gasped. "He's seen fires before, but *hold him!*"

Then Bennie twisted a bunch of fine dried grass, struck a match on Old Bob's hoof, lighted it, laid it down and bent some standing grass over it. The little blaze sprang up, crackling merrily, and lighting up the twilight with a cheery

red glare, and the children were glad for they knew that Mother was watching the prairie, and would see for herself that Bennie knew how to use his matches.

"Oh, Susie, aren't you glad the fire-guard's are plowed?" said Bennie, watching the brightening light that was making its way so swiftly up from the southwest. "It would take the whole place, crops, barn,—"

"Will it burn the 'Crooked Stick'?" asked Susie turning quickly and watching their own fire rushing away to the east.

"No," said Bennie. "The grass there is all trampled down. But, Susie, how can we just stand here and wait! Here, give me the rein, and Bob can eat till it cools enough to go on."

It seemed an age before the red ashes of their back-fire had turned black, and Old Bob was sweeping on again as if he meant to overtake the splendid blazes that went wildly leaping far ahead. But run as he might the fire roared on, and away, till it was only a level red streak in the east: while behind them the first fire had come, driving the birds and rabbits before it into the safe bare spaces, and had died away at the edge. Then suddenly the children saw a light like a red star, moving northward along the blackened plain, and they knew that it was the mail-carrier's lantern and that the kind old mail-carrier was very near to the "Crooked Stick."

It was quite dark now, and Bennie lit a match to look at Father's watch.

"Half-past six!" he gasped. "*He's* had to back-fire, too. But, Susie, he's going to be there first! Bob! Bob! *can't* you do it, Old Bob! Can't you do it for Father?"

With the black, heated earth beneath him, with the smoke of its burning in his nostrils, with the long run already in his muscles and the two of them on his back! Could he? Ah! Susie was doing some planning now.

"Stop him, Bennie," she pleaded. "Stop him just a minute!"

"Stop him? No!" said Bennie through his set teeth.

Then he did what he had never done in all his days. He

beat upon faithful Old Bob's sides with the hard heels of his shoes!

Old Bob shot into the air like a rocket. It was well, indeed, for the children that they had played circus! As it was, they were hard put to it to keep their place on the broad back, and when the speed slackened ever so slightly, Bennie felt the little arms loosen from about him, and he felt, rather than saw, a little white-aproned figure slip to the ground. He pulled with all his strength, but when he had brought Bob to a halt, Susie was yards behind. He could just see her in the gloom, but she was *standing!*

"Go on!" she shrieked after him. "What're you stopping *now* for? I'm off, I got off a-purpose! I make it too heavy. Go on. Run him!"

"Stay here till I tell him, then holler so I can find you!" called Bennie over his shoulder. "Don't stir!"

Then he rode as though he were a part of Old Bob and ran, ran, *ran!*

SO THESE ARE THE YOUNGSTERS WHO SAVED A LIFE LAST NIGHT

The carrier had taken the mail from the Crooked Stick Post-Office, had left his package of letters and was just getting back into his wagon when Old Bob, white with foam, drew up alongside of him, and Bennie bareheaded and speechless, clutched him by the arm.

"Bennie Danham!" exclaimed the old man. "For the love of life, what's happened?"

And when Bennie had found his breath and his tongue and

was telling his story, came Susie's brave little voice, "hollering" as Bennie had said.

"Bennie! *hoo*-hoo!"

"It's only Susie," said Bennie. "She's got off because she was too heavy."

Before Bennie knew just what was happening, he felt himself snatched from Old Bob's back, pressed down upon the seat beside the old carrier, and Bob was galloping along beside the ponies toward the sweet, far-away tones.

"Hoo-Hoo! Bennie! Bennie! hoo-hoo! Here I am."

And when they had come up to the little white figure standing so lonely in the great black circle of the prairie, the old man begged them both to go with him and come back with the doctor. But when they would not listen to that, he put them back on Old Bob, and gave them his lantern, saying:

"Let your horse take his time, and he'll take you safe home. Only don't go to sleep and fall off. I promise you I'll run my ponies all I dare."

Then he left them and they set out for home, the North Star on their right, the ever so faint trace of the sunset in their eyes. And afterward, they knew that they must have gone home and gone to bed, for that was where they woke up the next morning. But the time was like a long dream,—a dream of trying to keep awake and stay on a horse who kept turning into a cradle; a dream of North Stars, and lights shining in a far-off window: of Mother's voice calling wildly across a wide black space: of crying softly over poor father who did not know when they kissed him good-night.

Yes, everything seemed a dream until they stood by Father's bed in the morning, and the doctor looked them over with a smile in his tired eyes and said:

"So these are the youngsters who saved a life last night."

And their father looked up at them and smiled, too; but Bennie said very quickly:

"It was Old Bob, Father. He's the one that did the running. He ran all the way to the Crooked Stick Post-Office."

LITTLE FOLKS PICTURE BOOK

Dame Crump and Her Pig

HERE is another picture for your Dame Crump Book. Trace it, or copy it, if you can draw well enough, or you may cut it out and paste it into your book, of which it is the fifth picture. Color it with crayons, or water colors. You can put a good deal of color into this page.

PIGGY ran till he came to the foot of a hill,
Where a little bridge stood o'er the stream of the mill,
When he grunted and squealed and no farther would go.
Oh, fie! little pig, to serve little dame so!

"None Genuine Without Trade-Mark"

Real Cleanliness

YOU constantly wash your underwear, sheets and quilts, but it is impossible to wash your mattresses. The *Excelsior Protector* will keep the mattress fresh and clean. They are made in any size for bed or crib, and quilted so that they remain soft and fluffy in spite of washing and continuous use.

We have been making Mattress Protectors for over thirty years and guarantee every one. The best hotels and institutions throughout the country use *Excelsior Protectors* on their mattresses. Prove this the next time you are at a hotel by turning back the bed covers and look at our Protector with the little red trade-mark sewed in one corner. Because of their many features they are especially suited to use on baby's crib. They protect the child as well as the mattress; save time and labor.

Endorsed by physicians and used by the families who know.

One trial will convince you beyond any doubt.

EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO.

15 Leight Street

NEW YORK

THE MAGIC BOOKCASE

DO you remember James Whitcomb Riley's poem about Little Orphant Annie, and how she told wonderful tales to the children in the house where she had come to stay? When Johnny Gruelle, who drew the pictures for "The Fire-fly That Scattered Sparks," was a little boy, not a bit older than you, he used to read that poem, and wonder what the stories were that Orphant Annie told. And when he grew up, and could write stories and draw pictures himself, he wrote into a book the stories he thought Orphant Annie *might* have told. That is the way the Bobbs-Merrill Company explains for you the stories that Orphant Annie tells in The Orphant Annie Story Book, written and illustrated by Johnny Gruelle. It is just full of stories, and Orphant Annie tells them to Carl and Bessie, and to you, if you will listen. At the same time, you may have just heaps of pictures in colors to look at, so that you will know how a Whatchamacallit and a Thingamajig and a Grandpa Horse look. You will enjoy the stories about the nine green-eyed gnomes and their nine red-eyed wives, about the Whangwhizzle, about Gertrude Gartersnake and the three goblins, and many, many other things. You have wondered, perhaps, why ladybugs were red, or why snakes wiggle their tails after they are dead, or what that little thing is in the end of a peanut that is broken in two, and Orphant Annie has answers for all those questions, and others, too. Don't miss this fascinating story book. Get acquainted with the fairies. The publishers, Bobbs-Merrill Company, New York, will furnish the price upon request.

· THE QUIZZIES ·

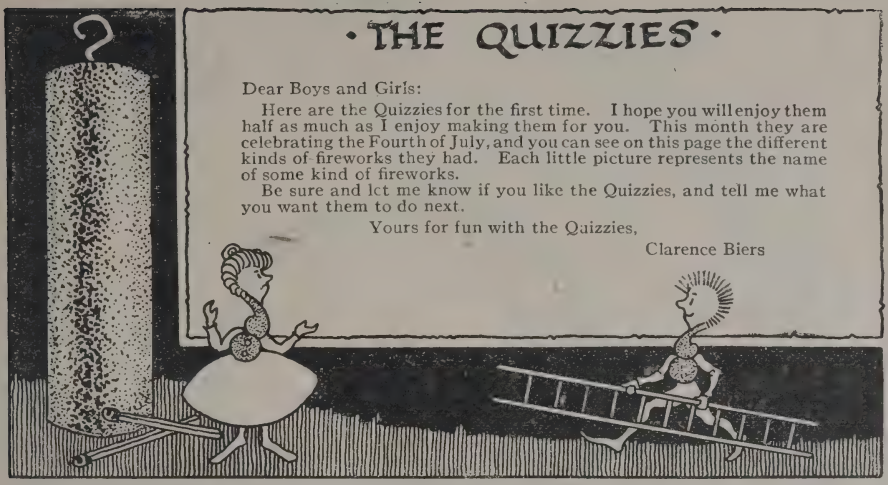
Dear Boys and Girls:

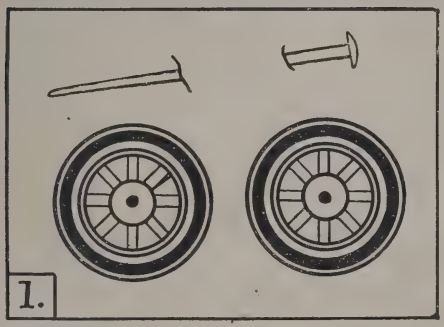
Here are the Quizzies for the first time. I hope you will enjoy them half as much as I enjoy making them for you. This month they are celebrating the Fourth of July, and you can see on this page the different kinds of fireworks they had. Each little picture represents the name of some kind of fireworks.

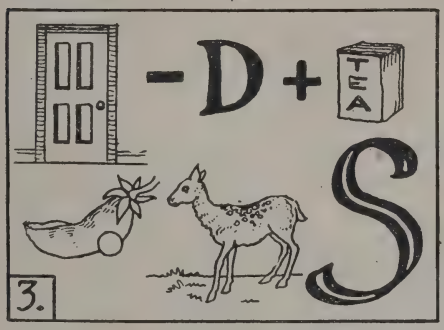
Be sure and let me know if you like the Quizzies, and tell me what you want them to do next.

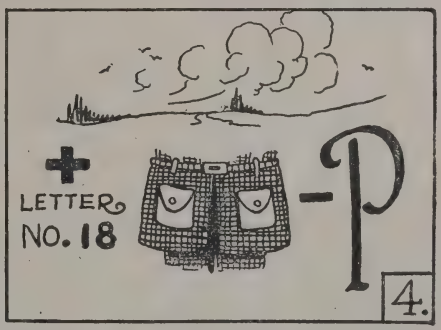
Yours for fun with the Quizzies,

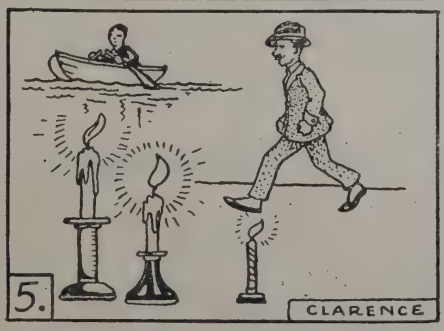
Clarence Biers







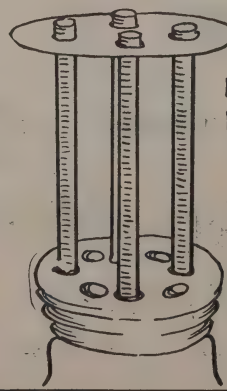




For answers, see page 427.

HOW-TO MAKE A DOLL'S LAMP

PASTE THE CUT-OUT ON STIFF PAPER. ASK MOTHER TO LEND YOU AN EMPTY SALT SHAKER. PAINT FLOWERS ON SHADE TO MATCH SHAKER (IF IT IS COLORED CHINA. IF WHITE, GLASS OR ALUMINUM, PAINT FLOWERS ANY BRIGHT COLORS). CUT OUT SHADE AND CIRCLE. PASTE FLAP ON SHADE TO UNDER-SIDE OPPOSITE. ARRANGE 4 BURNT MATCHES, AS IN DIAGRAM, TO HOLD SHADE.



MATCHES ARRANGED IN THE DISK AND THE SHAKER-TOP SO AS TO FORM A STAND FOR THE SHADE.

SALT SHAKER LAMP AND SHADE COMPLETE

O.M. NOBLE.

SOMETHING TO GUESS

What is the best part of a pudding? The part that isn't eaten.

What goes up and down and never moves? A fence.

What is the difference between a school-teacher and an engineer? A school teacher trains the mind and an engineer minds the train.

What word of six letters, if you take away three, will equal ten? Lis-ten.

When does a man rob his wife? When he hooks her dress.

Where should persons go if their knees stop growing? To Africa where the negroes (knee grows.)

What letter in the alphabet is like an ocean? C (sea.)

What is the difference between a hunter and a stylish lady? A hunter shoots out powder and a stylish lady puts on powder.

If a postmaster should go to a circus, and a bear should eat him, what time would it be? Ate (8) P. M.

Why are soldiers always tired on the first of April? Because they have just finished a March of 31 days.

What is that, which by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? No (i) se.

What will turn without moving? Milk.

THE ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLE:

1. Pin Wheels.
2. S-Park-LERS or Sparklers.
3. T-oor-Pea-Doe-S or Torpedoes.
4. Sky R-ockets or Sky Rockets.
5. Row-Man Candles or Roman Candles.
6. "Nigger Chasers."

Your Boys' Happiness

is one of your first considerations. Get THE BOYS' MAGAZINE for him. He needs this great boys' periodical. Parents owe it to their sons to give them clean, interesting and instructive reading that will make them self-reliant, manly and courageous.

An 8 Months Trial Subscription

for only

50c.

This is one-half the regular price

Each issue of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE contains from two to four splendid serial stories, and from twelve to twenty thrilling short stories, besides special departments devoted to Radio, Mechanics, Electricity, Popular Science, Athletics, Physical Training, Stamp Collecting, Outdoor Sports, Amateur Photography, Cartooning, etc. Beautiful big pages, with handsome covers in colors. Profusely illustrated throughout. A big lot of Jokes and Comic Drawings. Eight issues equal twenty big volumes, which would cost, as books, at least $20.00.

A special feature is the award of $220.00 in cash prizes for the best amateur work in many subjects. There is no reason why YOUR boy should not win some of these prizes. Remember, only 50 cents for eight months. If you are not satisfied, we will refund your money, promptly, and without question. Remit in stamps if more convenient.

- - - - - - TEAR OUT HERE - - - - - -

THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD CO.
7140 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

I accept your special half-price introductory offer and enclose 50 cents, for which send me THE BOYS' MAGAZINE for eight months to

(Write name and address plainly)

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. .....

City ..... *State* .....

EAGLE "MIKADO" PENCIL No. 174

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., Canada and other countries

For Sale at Your Dealer **Made in Five Grades**

ASK FOR THE YELLOW PENCIL WITH THE RED BAND

EAGLE MIKADO

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK

OUTDOORS WITH GRANDFATHER

By Margherita O. Osborne

"I WILL TELL YOU A STORY."

IT was in the garden, one hot summer afternoon, that Little Girl Pink pointed out to Grandfather how the roses that had been lovely yesterday were all torn and full of little round holes.

"What did it, Grandpa?" she asked.

"Let's sit here in the arbor," replied Grandfather, "and I will tell you and Boy Blue a story."

"Oh, Goody!" cried both the children. And this is the story Grandfather told.

This is the story of a very small person, but Mother Nature loves the littlest as well as the biggest.

Little Rosie Beetle-Grub was three years old, and she had never been out of her dark home under the ground. All summer, she lived on leaves and soft wood, and all winter, she slept.

But when she was about three years old, she grew tired of this sort of thing, and built herself a little round house of grass and dead leaves.

She was so tired when it was finished! She just crawled inside and glued the door shut. Funny thing to do, wasn't it? But Rosie didn't want any callers. She fell asleep right away, and she slept a long, long time.

When she woke up, she was feeling just fine! Really, Rosie had never felt so well before. She felt so well, she hardly knew herself. She got her front door open in no time at all, and went out into the sunlight.

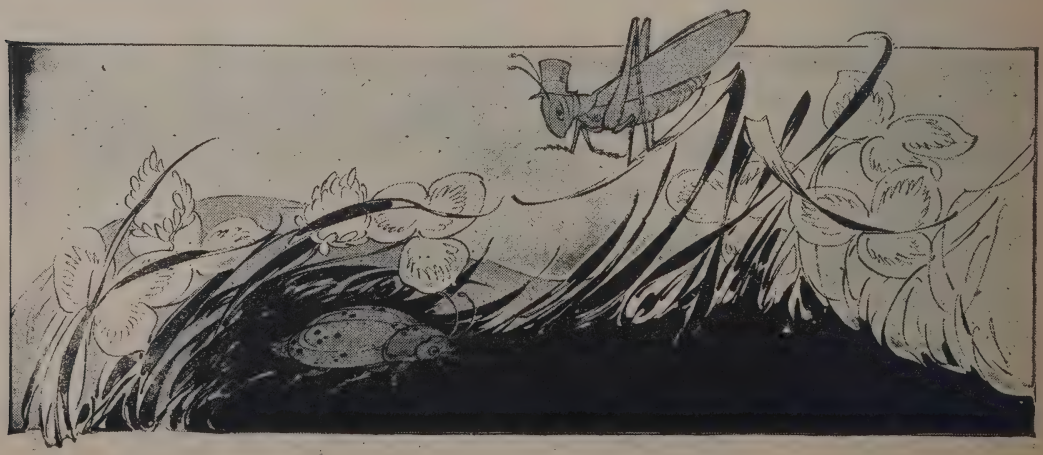
She was under a tree, in a beautiful garden, and flowers were blooming all around, and gentle breezes were playing with their perfumes.

Quite near Rosie, Eddy Grasshopper sat on a blade of grass.

"So you're awake at last, Miss Rosie!" he said, sociably. "I've been wondering how long you'd stay cooped up, these lovely days. What a beautiful jacket you're wearing!"

Miss Rosie glanced down her back with her big eyes. Mercy! What had happened?

Instead of her homely white baby clothes, she was wearing a gorgeous green



"SO YOU'RE AWAKE AT LAST, MISS ROSIE."

and gold dress. Rosie couldn't believe her eyes. She wriggled and twisted and lifted her lovely jacket.

The most wonderful thing happened then!

Out from under the panels of her jacket, unfolded two gauzy wings!

"Well, well! Mother Nature certainly was good to you!" exclaimed Eddy Grasshopper. And while Rosie was recovering from her astonishment, he spread his four wings and hovered in the air above her.

"I will make a little music to celebrate," he went on. And he sang a queer, rattley tune:

"Wake up, little buglets, asleep in the ground!
Mother Nature is passing her best gifts around;
And some shall have wings and some shall have fur
But all must be happy and grateful to her."

"Indeed, I am happy!" laughed Rose Beetle. "Down there in the ground, there was hardly a thing to do but eat and sleep, but now I can fly about and make friends."

"You surely can!" exclaimed Eddy Grasshopper, "and you'll certainly enjoy meeting Queen Rose. I've heard she is the best friend your family have. I've heard that she gives you all you need to eat, in return for a few favors, such as carrying messages."

"How very interesting!" replied Rosie. "I begin to feel hungry, and I must make her acquaintance right away."

"I don't blame you at all!" said Eddy, "you have a great life ahead of you. I only got my wings a little while ago, too, and I enjoy them every minute. But my wings are a little different from yours; I can make music with them as well as fly."

"You can!" exclaimed Rosie. "Well, I can believe anything now, but how do you make music with your wings?"

"There is a little drum on each wing, which I beat with my hind legs. Just look!"

"Oh, hush!" whispered Rose Beetle. "Here comes Mr. Oriole! If he sees us, we're goners!"

Eddy and Rosie crouched there, just the color of the grass, and so still, that they looked like part of it. *You* never could have seen them, but Mr. Oriole has sharp eyes. Do you think *he* saw them? "Oh, no!" cried Boy Blue. "Of course he didn't, Grandpa!"

"Say he didn't, Grandpa!" begged Girl Pink. "We want to know what Rose Beetle did with her new wings!"

"Very well," said Grandpa, "but we'll have to leave them there for the present. Your mother is calling us to lunch.

"QUEENROSE BUSH IS THE BEST FRIEND YOUR FAMILY HAS."

Pick Your Favorite Magazine Clubs at These Prices

AND SAVE MONEY

Pathfinder Little Folks	$2.10
Today's Housewife Little Folks	$2.10
Boys' Life McCall's Little Folks	$3.15
Woman's World Little Folks	$2.25
McCall's Little Folks	$2.25
People's Home Journal Little Folks	$2.50
Today's Housewife Farm and Fireside Little Folks	$2.60
Farm and Fireside McCall's Little Folks	$2.60
Today's Housewife McCall's Little Folks	$2.75
People's Home Journal McCall's Little Folks	$2.75
Pathfinder McCall's Little Folks	$2.75
People's Home Journal Today's Housewife Little Folks	$2.75
People's Home Journal Farm and Fireside Little Folks	$2.85
Pathfinder People's Home Journal Little Folks	$3.00
Pathfinder Farm and Fireside McCall's Little Folks	$3.25
Modern Priscilla Today's Housewife Little Folks	$3.75
Modern Priscilla McCall's Little Folks	$3.75
Christian Herald McCall's Little Folks	$3.75
Modern Priscilla People's Home Journal Little Folks	$4.00
Boys' Magazine People's Home Journal Little Folks	$4.00
Youth's Companion Farm and Fireside Little Folks	$4.10
Today's Housewife Boys' Life Little Folks	$4.15
Delineator Little Folks	$3.50
Pictorial Review McCall's Little Folks	$3.75
McCall's Delineator Little Folks	$4.25
Today's Housewife Woman's Home Com. Little Folks	$4.10
Woman's Home Com. Pathfinder Little Folks	$4.25
Youth's Companion Today's Housewife Little Folks	$4.25
American Boy McCall's Little Folks	$4.25
Youth's Companion Pathfinder Little Folks	$4.25
Modern Priscilla Pathfinder McCall's Little Folks	$4.30
Everybody's Little Folks	$4.50
Youth's Companion People's Home Journal Little Folks	$4.50
People's Home Journal American Boy Little Folks	$4.50
Pictorial Review People's Home Journal Little Folks	$4.25
Etude Modern Priscilla Little Folks	$4.75
*Delineator Everybody's Little Folks	$5.00
American Magazine Woman's Home Com. Little Folks	$5.00
*Collier's Woman's Home Com. Little Folks	$5.00
Youth's Companion Pictorial Review Little Folks	$5.25
*Collier's American Magazine Little Folks	$5.75
*Collier's American Magazine Woman's Home Com. Little Folks	$7.00
*Colliers' American Magazine Woman's Home Com. McCall's Little Folks	$7.75

*To one address.

LITTLE FOLKS and

American Boy	$3.75
American Magazine	4.25
Boys' Life	2.65
Boys' Magazine	3.00
Christian Herald	3.10
Collier's	3.75
Delineator	3.50
Designer	3.00
Etude	3.25
Everybody's	4.00
McCall's	2.25
Modern Priscilla	3.00
People's Home Journal	2.50
Pictorial Review	3.25
Sunset	3.75
St. Nicholas	5.00
Today's Housewife	2.10
Woman's Home Com.	3.25
World's Work	5.25
Youth's Companion	3.75

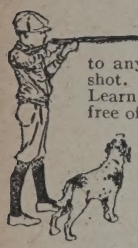
TO MAKE YOUR OWN MAGAZINE CLUBS

Multiply the number in front of the magazine by .05, to find the price of the magazine in the club, thus: .05x35-$1.85, the price of Boys' Magazine in club. We suggest that you find our ready-made club containing most of the magazines you desire, and add whatever other magazines you wish from the column below at the club price.

50	American Boy	$2.00
50	American Magazine	2.50
35	Boys' Magazine	2.00
35	Boys' Life	2.00
35	Christian Herald	2.00
40	Collier's	2.50
x	Cosmopolitan	3.00
35	Delineator	2.00
25	Designer	1.50
35	Etude	2.00
55	Everybody's Mag.	2.50
x	Good Housekeeping	2.50
x	Hearst's	4.00
x	Ladies' Home Journal	1.50
35	Little Folks	2.00
60	Little Folks (2 yr.)	3.00
20	McCall's Magazine	1.00
70	Mentor	3.50
60	Metropolitan Mag.	3.00
32	Modern Priscilla	2.00
20	The Pathfinder	1.00
25	People's Home Jour.	1.25
30	Pictorial Review	1.50
60	Review of Reviews	4.00
40	Sunset	2.50
70	St. Nicholas	4.00
x	Saturday Ev'g Post	2.00
15	Today's Housewife	1.00
30	Woman's Home C.	1.50
8	Woman's World	.50
70	World's Work	4.00
50	Youth's Companion	2.50

x: Magazines marked with x must be added to clubs at full price.

Something to Earn



Air Rifle Given

to any boy. This wonderful rifle shoots BB shot. It's a dandy for target and other shooting. Learn to be a crack shot. We send it to you free of cost when you sell only 40 cards of easy-selling dress snap fasteners at 10 cents a card.

Other Rewards:—Watches, phonographs, movie machines etc., also offered, Get our big free list of rewards.

SECCO SALES CO.
Dept. LF SALEM, MASS.

Boys As Well As Girls Can Have This Violin

GIVEN: This real sweet sounding violin, with bow, rosin and gut strings; finished in richly polished rosewood color. Its special high arching at bridge assures a nice full tone. Given to anyone who sells 30 cards of easy selling dress snap fasteners at 10 cents a card.

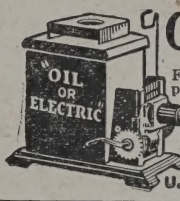
Guns, watches, baseball suits phonographs, movie machines, etc., all given.

Get big free list of awards.

SECCO SALES CO., Dept. L. F. SALEM, MASS.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION
RELIEVES SAFELY AND PROMPTLY
CROUP OR WHOOPING COUGH
Also wonderfully effective in Bronchitis, Lumbago and Rheumatism.
All druggists or
W. EDWARDS & SON London, England
E. FOUGERA & CO. 90-92 Beekman St. N. Y.

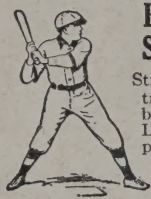
GIVEN Eastman Film Camera Popular size with handle and view finder, for time and snap-shot pictures. Just order 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve (the wonder Menthol Ointment.) Return $3 and complete camera is yours. Or choice of Moving Picture Machine, Thin Model Watch or Flashlight. Write for goods today. We trust you. Address **U.S. SUPPPLY CO. Dept. B7, Greenville-Pa.**



GIVEN MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

Fine moving picture machine with supply of films. Easy to operate, by oil or electricity. Free for selling only 12 boxes of Mentho-Nova Salve, the wonderful Menthol ointment for cuts, burns, catarrh, etc. Sell at 25c a box, return the $3 and receive this dandy premium. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now. Hundreds of other premiums and big Cash Commission.

U. S. Supply Co., Dept. 857 Greenville, Pa.



BASEBALL SUIT and CAP GIVEN

Strong, long wearing, durable suit with extra stout material in pants, with pocket, belt, strap and knee elastic. League shape cap. Complete outfit, cap, shirt and pants, given for selling 40 cards of easy selliing dress snap fasteners at 10c a card. **Fielder's Glove** of strong leather, given for selling 20 cards of snaps at 10c a card.

YOU CAN GET THIS CAMERA

This popular size camera takes excellent pictures of any sort of subject. Packed with film ready for use. It is made by the manufacturers of Kodaks and takes excellent pictures of any subject. Additional films can be purchased in your own town. If you sell 30 cards of superior snap fasteners at 10c a card you can get this camera.

REAL PHONOGRAPH GIVEN

This is not a toy, but a reliable machine which plays 10-inch Victor or Columbia records. It has a beautiful tone and plays equally well band pieces, vocal and instrumental and dance music. Yours for selling only 45 cards of superior snap fasteners at 10c a card. Get our Big Premium List Free. Send for the dress snap fasteners to sell.

TO SECCO SALES COMPANY, Dept. LF2, SALEM, MASS.

GIVEN This Horse-Hide Glove for selling only 18 Packages of our easy selling Perfumed Powder at 10 cents each. Return $1.80 and we will send the Glove Prepaid.

GIVEN This all Leather 1st Base Mitt for selling only 18 Packages of our easy selling Perfumed Powders at 10 cents each. Return $1.80 and we will send the Mitt Prepaid.

Brunet & Demers
Box 294 Salem, Mass.

THE SERPENT BEARER

SOMETHING TO FIND IN THE SKY

By Margherita O. Osborne

BERENICE'S HAIR

THE Crown of Ariadne is nearly overhead, early in July, at about nine o'clock, and the herdsman, *Bootes*, is the next constellation to the west. Still further west, is a queer constellation, shaped something like a woman's hair when it is braided. This is The Hair of Berenice, *Coma Berenice*.

Berenice was an Egyptian Queen. She was very young and beautiful, when her husband, Ptolemy, was obliged to leave her to go to war. He was gone such a very long time that Berenice feared he was dead. She used to go to the temple every day to pray for his safe return. At last, she thought of an offering which might please the Gods—it was her own wonderful hair.

So she promised the Goddess Venus that she would give her her hair, if Ptolemy returned in safety.

Ptolemy did return, and Berenice cut off her long locks, and placed them in the temple of Venus, but Jupiter thought the gift too beautiful for any earthly temple, and placed it in the heavens.

Can you find two serpents in the sky? One is Draco, the Dragon. The two bright eyes of his head are near the right foot of Hercules. His tail curves over the little dipper and the pole star.

The second serpent is the serpent of Esculapius. This constellation is called Ophiucus, which means Serpent Bearer. The head of this serpent is just below the crown of Ariadne, between Hercules and Bootes.

Esculapius was the son of Apollo and Coronis, and he was brought up by Chiron, a very wise person, who was half a man and half a horse. Esculapius became a wonderful doctor, and people said he could even bring the dead to life. The Greeks had a temple for his worship, and serpents were sacred to him. When he died, Jupiter placed him in the heavens with his symbol, the serpent.

THE DRAGON

It will take but a minute to write for this Catalog

THIS little catalog, "Books for Children and Guide for Selection," will show you how to fill your children's hearts with delight. For it lists a complete library of books for them. Such fine stories they are, in such pretty dress, filled with lovable and laughable tales to meet the moods of little tots and older boys and girls.

World-known writers, with a full understanding of the child-heart, have written these books. Famous artists, gifted in interpreting the themes, have illustrated them. Into their pages interest and delight have been poured—generously. You will approve these books. They help develop clean minds and good habits.

The RAND McNALLY Catalog of Books for Children is the Guide for Selection and makes choosing easy and rapid, no matter what the age of the child. It is arranged perfectly and describes each story so you know at a glance whether it is suited to your little one's understanding.

Write to us for this little treasure-house of amusing, instructive and entertaining books. Have it handy for use when shopping. It costs you nothing. Books form character in children as well as in grown-ups—and a children's library in the home is to be desired.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Publishers of CHILD LIFE
The Children's Own Magazine

536 S. CLARK STREET CHICAGO

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, Dept. G-3
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send promptly without charge to me your catalog, of "Books for Children and Guide for Selection."

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

"Be sure," the sprightly fairy said,
"To brush with Colgate's every day;
Good Teeth—Good Health, keep red cheeks red;
Bad teeth drive happiness away."

Your Teeth Need Bread and Butter

IF a child's teeth ... is because he is n... ...oth-building nour...

Growing ... food. F... milk, ... a sim... fruit, his... for building ... grow stronger.

But the strong... scrupulously clean.

If a child's teeth are ... is taken to the dentist regula... year, to have his teeth examined and given the necessary attention, he will be more apt to have a good appetite for nourishing food.

Well-regulated children are trained to ...h their teeth, night and morning, just ... are trained in other daily habits.

...asy to establish this health habit, ...bon Dental Cream is used. Children ... the delicious flavor. Mothers know ... is safe and efficient.

The small size tube seems to appeal most to children, for it helps for each child to have his own tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

COLGATE & CO. *Dept. 12* 199 Fulton Street, New York

At your neighborhood store
Small size 10c
Large size 25c

Colgate's is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice